



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

DON'T RUN

Written by

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**OVER BLACK:**

The mechanical WHIR of a generator. Floodlights illuminate -

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

A makeshift construction site. Deep underground.

CLICK. A headlamp flickers to life, worn by HARRY (45). A wiry construction worker. Greasy hair. Dirty jumpsuit.

HARRY  
I hate the dark.

FRANK (50), Harry's supervisor. Older. Fatter. Dirtier jumpsuit. He tosses Harry a coil of electrical cable.

FRANK  
You picked the wrong gig, my friend.

A freight lift swings over a dark pit. Harry steps aboard.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Just get the lights up. We'll let the next shift do the heavy lifting.

Harry nods. Looks down past his feet at the void stretching beneath him. His headlamp barely penetrates the dark.

The lift descends with a groan, lowering him into...

**INT. PIT**

Complete darkness except for Harry's lonely headlamp. The lift jerks to a stop. Frank's voice echoes from above -

FRANK  
(O.S.)  
End of the line.

Harry wastes no time. He snaps a metal tripod together. Screws in the floodlight bulb. Connects a cable running up the wall of the pit, illuminating -

An ancient, cave-like passage. Putrid water drips from the ceiling, onto stalagmites rising from the stone floor.

Harry's jaw drops.

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FRANK (cont'd)  
(O.S.)  
Lunchtime, Harry. Move it.

But Harry spots something illuminated in the dark. A STONE SLAB, etched with a primitive, territorial marking.

HARRY  
Hey, Frank!

#### **INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

Up above, Frank roots through Harry's lunchbox. Harry's voice echoes up from the pit -

HARRY  
(O.S.)  
Frank!

Frank finds a sandwich. Begins to unwrap it, ignoring Harry.

#### **INT. PIT**

Harry grips the stone slab. Pulls it, revealing a dark tunnel. A gust of acrid air rolls out.

Harry gags, covering his mouth. He leans inside...

#### **INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

Frank lifts the sandwich to his mouth. Harry's SCREAM stops him. He drops the sandwich. Runs to the pit. Peers inside -

Below, the floodlight CRASHES to the ground. Bulb pops. Sparks fly. The pit goes black. Frank jumps to the lift's control lever, and THROWS it. The lift groans. Its platform rises through the dark.

FRANK  
Come on, Harry. What are you -

The lift rises into view. Empty. Frank kneels over the pit.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Harry?

No response.

A pale hand SHOOTS up from the pit. SEIZES Frank's face. And YANKS him screaming into the dark.

**EXT. SUBURB - MORNING**

Jagged pines tower over a young 1970's suburb. Neatly arranged homes. White picket fences. Station wagons complete with wood paneling.

A MOVING TRUCK pulls up to a freshly painted RAMBLER. BEN (38) at the wheel. Flannel shirt. A blue-collar dad.

BEN  
(yawning)  
Welcome home!

On the bench seat beside him, his daughter GRETA (10). Short blonde hair, t-shirt and faded jeans. She rubs the sleep from her eyes and peeks out the passenger side window. The woods cast an unwelcoming shadow.

BEN (cont'd)  
What do you think?

GRETA  
(lying)  
Very cool, dad.

Her brother HENRY (13), in wrinkled long sleeve shirt and corduroys, snaps to attention in the backseat. He peers out the window -

HENRY  
Awesome!

BEN  
Glad one of you likes it.

Greta stares at the woods through the window.

A FACE springs up on the other side. A lively boy, JAMES (9). Polaroid camera bobbing from his neck. His smiling face pressed grotesquely against the glass.

JAMES  
Welcome to the neighborhood!

Greta turns to Ben.

GRETA  
We can't live here.

Ben shuts off the ignition.

BEN  
Go say hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY  
 (mocking)  
 Looks like you've already made a  
 friend.

Ben and Henry exit, leaving Greta alone with James' smiling  
 face pressed against the window.

Greta forces a smile in return.

**EXT. SUBURB - DUSK**

A mountain of furniture piled next to -

THE MOVING TRUCK

Henry steps out from the back of the truck, handing a box to  
 TESS (13), his new tomboy neighbor. An outdoors kid. Short  
 hair tucked under her baseball cap.

HENRY  
 What do you do for fun around here?

TESS  
 Jack shit.

HENRY  
 Great.

TESS  
 I'm kidding.

Henry smiles awkwardly.

TESS (cont'd)  
 You'll get used to how quiet it is,  
 but I can't wait for school to start  
 up next week.

HENRY  
 How long have you lived here?

TESS  
 Few months. Dad travels a lot for  
 work. So don't get attached.

Henry laughs. His voice cracks. He goes red. Tess mercifully  
 breaks the silence.

TESS (cont'd)  
 How about you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY  
Never been out of New York.

TESS  
So what brings y'all to Oregon?

HENRY  
Fresh start. It was our dad's idea.

TESS  
Your mom still up there?

Henry shakes his head.

TESS (cont'd)  
What happened?

HENRY  
Accident.

TESS  
I shouldn't have asked.

HENRY  
It's okay. Everyone does.

Henry smiles, letting her off the hook. Something behind her catches Henry's eye. Across the street, two boys perched on bicycles watch them work.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Who're they?

Tess turns. Seeing them -

TESS  
Those weirdos are Martin and... I  
forget the little one's name.

She waves to them.

TESS (cont'd)  
(calling out)  
We could use a hand!

The large boy punches his cohort's arm signaling it's time to go. They pedal away into the trees.

HENRY  
They seem nice.

Tess laughs.

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NEXT TO THE TRUCK

Ben grabs a table from the pile, helped by RICH (40) and JULIA (40). A portly couple, straight out of a suburban living catalog.

RICH  
I'll get Tessie and James to help us  
with this one.

BEN  
Come on, we can do it. On three. One.  
Two. Three...

They lift the table and carry it toward the house.

RICH  
(winded)  
You're going to love it out here.

BEN  
I'm not the one who needs convincing.

JULIA  
The missus isn't sold on it yet, eh?  
Well truth be told, neither was I at  
first.

BEN  
She's not around. That's why we're  
here, actually, to get a fresh start.

JULIA  
Oh I'm so sorry. Divorce can be so  
hard on a family.

BEN  
Not divorced.

Rich sets the table down to catch his breath.

BEN (cont'd)  
She passed away last month.

JULIA  
I'm so sorry for your loss.

BEN  
It's okay, really.

RICH  
Was she sick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Julia glares at her husband. Ben nods.

BEN

Kids and I were out. She was home alone. She had gone into the basement. We came home, and that was that.

Rich and Julia are more shaken by the story than Ben.

RICH

Who found her?

Greta passes them without a word, carrying a load of boxes through the yard. Julia and Rich watch her disappear into the house.

Julia turns to Ben. He nods.

JULIA

Poor thing. How's she handling it?

**INT. HALL - DUSK**

Greta turns a corner, entering the Hall. She freezes.

At the end of the Hall, a CELLAR DOOR looms. Greta squares off with it. The door blows ajar with a creak. Greta jumps.

She collects herself, and walks into...

**INT. BEDROOM - DUSK**

An empty bedroom. Greta sets her boxes on the floor, sits on the bed, and takes in her new room. Freshly painted white walls. New carpet. Stiff, new bed. It's cold, and different from the one she left behind.

Greta sighs. Hangs her head.

James enters carrying a box. Greta jumps to her feet.

GRETA

Just set that wherever.

Greta wipes her eyes. James notices.

JAMES

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETA  
Yeah. Right there's fine.

He sets the box down.

JAMES  
Nice room.

GRETA  
You want it?

James moves to the window.

JAMES  
It's bigger than mine, but who wants  
to stay cooped up indoors anyway.

GRETA  
You like it out here?

JAMES  
We've lived a lot of places, but  
never anywhere like this.

GRETA  
Me neither.

JAMES  
All kinds of famous explorers used to  
live out here.

Greta smiles, taken by his childish fascination.

GRETA  
Very cool.

JAMES  
They lived in the mountains hunting,  
trapping, living on the land. There  
was Kit Carson, John Adams...

GRETA  
Sounds exciting.

JAMES  
"Liver Eating Johnson" was the  
coolest. I've got a whole book about  
him if you want to come over!

GRETA  
(grossed out)  
Maybe after dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

James nods.

GRETA (cont'd)  
Thanks again...

JAMES  
James.

GRETA  
Right. Thanks James.

JAMES  
No problem.

He moves for the door, picking up his camera as he goes.

JAMES (cont'd)  
I'm going to add a page to my photo  
album tonight if you and your brother  
want to come along. Safety in  
numbers, you know?

Greta looks at the trees outside her window.

JAMES (cont'd)  
There's all kinds of cool stuff out  
there. But the best stuff comes out  
at night.

GRETA  
Knock yourself out.

James nods, disappointed. Greta notices.

GRETA (cont'd)  
Will you show me your pictures when  
you get back?

James perks up.

JAMES  
Will do!

TESS  
(O.S.)  
Come on, squirt. Dad said we can stop  
helping now.

Tess stands in the doorway beside Henry.

TESS (cont'd)  
(to Greta)  
No offense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRETA

None taken.

JAMES

Bye, Greta.

GRETA

Bye, James. Be careful out there.

He nods.

TESS

(exiting)

Welcome to the neighborhood.

Tess exits with James in tow.

HENRY

Later.

Henry turns to Greta.

HENRY (cont'd)

They seem cool.

Greta watches from her window as James hops onto his bicycle and pedals into the distance, disappearing into the trees.

TESS

(outside)

Twenty minutes! Don't make me come out looking for you!

Ben appears in the doorway. Puts a hand on Henry's shoulder.

BEN

I don't know about you two, but I'm starving. What's for dinner?

**EXT. CLEARING - DUSK**

Brown grass blankets a large field. A ravine with a shallow creek divides the clearing.

James rolls to the ravine's edge. He dismounts. Drops his bicycle on the grass, and slides down the embankment into -

**EXT. CREEK - DUSK**

James lands with a splash.

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A WATER STRIDER sits on the water's surface. James approaches the insect silently. Admires it.

He kneels. Lifts his camera. Slides his finger over the shutter. The strider jumps out of view.

The shutter clicks just a moment too late.

The camera spits a photo. James checks it. Shakes his head.

James rises, freezing at the sight of -

A DEER, drinking peacefully from the creek. James' eyes go wide. He advances his film.

The deer trots casually down the creek. James follows.

James takes a breath. He kneels. Finds his frame, and -

The deer trots away. James follows. He readies his camera. Slides his finger over the shutter -

The deer disappears into the trees.

James looks up at the darkening sky. Sighs. And follows...

**EXT. DARK WOODS - DUSK**

The last rays of daylight penetrate the canopy.

Branches part. James peeks through. Camera raised...

He scans the scenery, finding his subject -

Up ahead, the deer lies on its side, obscured in shadow. James approaches. Lifts his camera. Kneels, and -

The deer spasms violently.

James stops. The deer is YANKED into the shadows.

Bones snap. Blood gushes as something feeds on it.

James goes white. He steps back, breaking a twig underfoot.

The deer's twisted body flies. Rolls through the dirt. An unnaturally long arm rises from the shadows. Clawed fingers pointing straight at -

James, futilely drawing a breath to scream.

His eyes go wide. He lowers his camera, turns, and RUNS...

**EXT. CREEK - DUSK**

James bursts from the trees, kicking water as he runs.

He turns. Dashes up the embankment...

**EXT. CLEARING - DUSK**

James' hand crests the ledge of the ravine.

He grips a fistful of grass. Pulls himself up. Throws a leg over, and -

Is YANKED out of sight.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

From the foot of her bed, Greta watches the woods where she last saw James.

HENRY

(O.S.)

Are you okay?

Henry stands in the doorway. Greta nods, lying.

HENRY (cont'd)

(smiling)

Liar. Something outside?

Henry walks to the window. Slides it open.

HENRY (cont'd)

(mutters)

Please don't be the weird kid with the camera.

Henry leans out of the window....

HENRY (cont'd)

Looks good to me-

He JERKS headfirst out the window.

Greta recoils in fear.

Henry falls back into the room. Smiles.

HENRY (cont'd)

Thanks a lot. What if something really tried to grab me?

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CONTINUED:

GRETA  
Get out of my room.

HENRY  
Sorry.

Henry walks to the door. He stops. Turns to his sister.

HENRY (cont'd)  
There's nothing out there.

GRETA  
What makes you so sure?

HENRY  
We've been here all day, and I  
haven't seen anything.

GRETA  
A whole day.

A KNOCK startles them. It came from the front door...

Ben appears in the doorway.

BEN  
Expecting someone?

They shake their heads.

The knocking grows frantic. Ben exits down the hall.

Greta locks eyes with Henry. Confused.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Greta and Henry creep down the Hall. Staying hidden, they peek around the corner -

Ben stands at the front door before a flock of parents - Rich in the forefront, standing beside a SHERIFF'S DEPUTY.

RICH  
We could use all the help we can get.

BEN  
Yeah, of course. Let me grab my coat.

GRETA  
(mutters)  
James.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ben turns, catching Henry and Greta.

BEN  
 Either of you know where James ran  
 off to? Did he tell you anything?

They shake their heads.

BEN (cont'd)  
 Back to bed. I'll be home soon.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Greta climbs into bed, watching the adults convene outside her window - some armed with flashlights. Some with rifles.

GRETA  
 You think it's serious?

HENRY  
 I'm sure it's nothing.

Greta turns to find Henry standing in the doorway, holding his Daisy Air Rifle.

GRETA  
 What's that for?

He pumps the lever action.

HENRY  
 Better safe than sorry. Night.

He flicks off the lights.

GRETA  
 Leave them on!

He flicks them back on.

HENRY  
 Sorry. Night, Greta.

Henry exits. Greta watches from her window as the adults disappear into the woods.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

A gas stove hisses. A lit match creeps over the range...

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HENRY  
Better let me.

GRETA  
I've got it.

HENRY  
You have the gas turned up too high.

A blue fireball roars to life and settles.

Greta blows out the match.

She slides a cast iron pan over the range.

Henry tears open a package of bacon.

Greta cuts into a stick of butter.

HENRY (cont'd)  
We don't need that.

GRETA  
Sure we do.

HENRY  
For bacon?

GRETA  
Dad likes butter.

HENRY  
Yeah. On toast.

GRETA  
Just worry about what you're doing.

HENRY  
You're going to give him a heart  
attack.

Henry moves for the knife.

Greta grabs the pad of butter. Throws it into the pan.

GRETA  
I've got it under control.

Without thinking, she reaches for the iron pan handle -

HENRY  
Whoa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She grips it. A searing pain shoots through her hand. The pan clangs to the floor.

Henry grabs a rag. Gets ice cubes from the freezer.

GRETA  
It doesn't hurt.

Henry wraps her hand. Greta fights back tears.

GRETA (cont'd)  
Get the coffee started.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Ben sits slumped on the sofa. Eyes bloodshot. Hands shaky.

Greta and Henry watch him wolf down his breakfast.

BEN  
(groans)  
I'm going to explode.

Henry shoots Greta a condescending grin.

BEN (cont'd)  
But if that's my last meal, that's fine by me.

She shoots one right back.

BEN (cont'd)  
Your mother herself couldn't have done better.  
(catching himself)  
You know what I mean.

Ben looks to Greta. She moves to the kitchen.

BEN (cont'd)  
No reason we can't talk about it.

HENRY  
We know, dad.

BEN  
I know we haven't had much time, with the move and all.

HENRY  
Wasn't that the point?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This hits Ben hard.

BEN  
Henry.

HENRY  
Sorry, dad.

Greta pours coffee into a Thermos.

GRETA  
Nothing to talk about. She's gone.

BEN  
It was an accident.

GRETA  
And we weren't there to stop it.

Henry glares at Greta. He changes the subject -

HENRY  
Any luck last night?

Ben stops eating.

BEN  
Still looking.

HENRY  
Need any help?

BEN  
That's nice, Henry, but the last  
thing I need is you wandering off  
too.

Ben pulls on his work boots. Greta hands him the Thermos.

BEN (cont'd)  
What would I do without you?

She hugs him.

BEN (cont'd)  
I know it's going to be pretty boring  
around here until school starts, but  
can you two promise me something?  
Stick around the house today, just  
until I get home.

GRETA  
We will, dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

But we just got here. If you keep us  
cooped up, the neighbors will think  
we're weird creeps that live in the  
cellar eating rats.

BEN

You done?

Henry sits on the sofa. Flicks on the t.v.

BEN (cont'd)

There's chicken in the fridge. You  
can make sandwiches or something.

He notices Henry and Greta's identical dour expressions.

BEN (cont'd)

Maybe, if I get off work in time, I  
can grab a pizza on the way home.

Henry and Greta smile.

BEN (cont'd)

Until then, no junk food, deal?

HENRY

Deal.

GRETA

Deal.

Ben exits.

Henry looks to Greta. Great minds think alike.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Inside the freezer -

Behind ice trays and frozen peas, hides a pint of ICE CREAM.

Henry and Greta work together to free it from its icy tomb.

HENRY

Well done.

Greta opens it. Nearly empty.

GRETA

Tough luck.

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CONTINUED:

HENRY

There's more in the basement.

Henry starts down the HALL. He turns. Greta won't budge.

GRETA

Nope.

HENRY

It's just a basement.

GRETA

So?

HENRY

So it's part of the house. You'll have to face it eventually.

Greta shakes her head.

HENRY (cont'd)

Alright. I'll scope it out.

Henry shoots her a salute and marches down the hall. He opens the cellar door and descends the creaky steps. The hall goes silent. Greta watches the empty doorway.

Henry reappears.

HENRY (cont'd)

All clear.

He extends a hand to Greta. She takes it.

### **INT. CELLAR - MORNING**

A bare light-bulb hangs, illuminating a cellar out of time. Cracked stone walls. Wood shelves. Dusty furniture. Antiques forgotten in the dark.

A towering FREEZER opens. Inside, Henry finds a massive TUB OF ICE CREAM.

HENRY

What did I tell you? Dad's been holding out on us.

GRETA

Let's just get out of here. It smells like something died.

Henry leans in. Grips the tub. Pulls... It's stuck.

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CONTINUED:

HENRY

Help me out.

Greta leans in. Together, they pull the tub free with a stubborn CRACK.

HENRY (cont'd)

Bingo.

Henry reads the label: NEAPOLITAN.

HENRY (cont'd)

Gross.

He hands it to her.

GRETA

What do you mean gross? It's three different flavors!

HENRY

Not when they melt together.

She turns to leave.

GRETA

Of all the houses we could've moved to, Dad had to pick the one with the creepy cellar.

HENRY

They probably all have them out here.

Greta turns. Henry has disappeared.

GRETA

Henry?

She inches forward, winding through the antique labyrinth.

Among worn hides and homemade decorations are yellowed, hand-written papers. Decades old. Some older.

Daylight peeks through a stained glass window.

GRETA (cont'd)

(mutters)

If it's going to be a creepy basement, it may as well go all out.

A hand rises behind her. GRABS her shoulder. Greta screams. Whips around - It's Henry.

(CONTINUED)

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HENRY  
It's okay! Just me. Sorry.

Greta catches her breath.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Check this out.

He takes her hand. Leads her through the clutter. Corroded pipes twist overhead, stretching to a massive IRON FURNACE.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Is this cool or what? I wonder if it still works.

GRETA  
Who knows.

Greta pushes the furnace's heavy IRON GRATE with a creak.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

ON THE T.V. SCREEN

A bulbous-headed MARTIAN corners a group of SOLDIERS.

ON THE COUCH

Henry sits beside Greta. Both captivated by the scene. Ice cream tub between them. Melting into a pinkish-brown goo.

A shadow passes by the window. Greta's eyes wander from the t.v. Linger on the window. A knock at the door jars her.

Henry answers. Finds Tess standing on the porch.

HENRY  
Hey Tess. Everything cool?

She looks into his eyes. Her silence says it all.

HENRY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry.

TESS  
I'm going out to find him.

HENRY  
Dad told us to stay inside.

TESS  
Mine did too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Henry thinks. He looks at his sister.

HENRY  
Be right back.

Henry runs down the Hall. Greta shoots Tess a sympathetic look. No words are spoken.

Henry rejoins Tess at the door. Pumping the lever action of his AIR RIFLE. He slings it over his back.

GRETA  
Dad's gonna kill us.

HENRY  
You don't have to come.

He smiles.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Really.

Greta looks to Tess, embarrassed.

GRETA  
Good luck.

HENRY  
Cover for me if dad calls?

Greta nods. Henry gives her a hug, and exits with Tess.

HENRY (cont'd)  
(O.S.)  
Be back soon.

Greta closes the door. Turns to face -

The empty living room. Unpacked boxes cast shadows on...

The T.V. Credits silently rolling...

DOWN THE HALL...

The CELLAR DOOR. A draft pushes it open with a creak.

Greta's eyes go wide. She throws open the door and runs out.

**EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

The grassy field where we last saw James.

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CONTINUED:

TESS  
He comes out here to take pictures.

HENRY  
Of what?

TESS  
Everything.

Greta follows Henry and Tess through the field, reaching  
THE CREEK

HENRY  
You think he's down there?

TESS  
God I hope not.

GRETA  
What if he... you know.

Their eyes linger on the creek. A laugh breaks the silence -

MARTIN  
(O.S.)  
What, drowned? You couldn't drown a  
baby in there.

The group turns to face two boys perched on bicycles. Henry recognizes them from the day before- MARTIN (14), though only a year the eldest, he towers over them. At his side, his sidekick GLEN (12). Short and frail.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
What? That's a good thing.

GLEN  
We heard about your brother.

Martin cuts him off, gesturing to the air rifle.

MARTIN  
(to Henry)  
What are you supposed to be, Davy  
Crockett?

HENRY  
Name's Henry. We just moved here.

MARTIN  
Martin.

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CONTINUED: (2)

GLEN

I'm G-

MARTIN

(steps on him)

This here's Glen.

Glen waves timidly.

GRETA

Greta.

GLEN

Cool name.

TESS

So you haven't seen anything?

MARTIN

Haven't looked.

HENRY

We could use your help.

MARTIN

After that search and rescue mission last night? If we get caught out here, we're screwed.

GLEN

I can lend a hand.

Martin silences Glen with a glance. Glen shrinks.

GLEN (cont'd)

We shouldn't get caught outside.

Martin pedals away. Glen follows obediently, looking back at Greta as he goes.

GRETA

He has a point.

HENRY

Let's make this quick then.

TESS

I'm not going back without James.

Henry nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HENRY  
Stay close, and shout if you find  
anything.

He turns to Greta -

HENRY (cont'd)  
Don't go far.

GRETA  
I'll be fine.

HENRY  
I mean it.

She nods, and makes her way down the embankment into...

**EXT. CREEK - DUSK**

Greta lands with a splash in the ankle-deep water.

Behind her, the creek runs its course, winding through the trees, disappearing into dark woods.

Up ahead, something flickers, caught in the current.

She reaches under the water, finding a tattered PHOTOGRAPH.

She holds it to the light, straining to make it out - a silhouette. Obscured in shadow.

GRETA  
Henry! Tess!

In the treeline, something stirs. Greta turns. The woods go still.

She makes her way forward, finally reaching the treeline.

GRETA (cont'd)  
James?

She peeks through the trees. Nothing. She turns -

GRETA (cont'd)  
HEN -

And chokes. A figure has appeared, blocking her path.

Not animal. Not human. A pelt of loose, matted hair draped over a naked, emaciated frame -

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CONTINUED:

The CREATURE rises over her.

Its mud-caked hair bristles... Its pale snout twitches...  
Elongated arms rise... Clawed fingers point straight at her.

With no time to think, Greta RUNS into the trees.

**EXT. DARK WOODS - DAY**

The thick canopy chokes out daylight, as Greta throws one  
panicked foot in front of the other.

She COLLIDES with a chain link fence, rattling her body.

Greta throws herself onto it, and climbs.

**EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

Henry calls into the CREEK -

HENRY  
GRETA!

No response. Below, he watches the trees where Greta fled  
into the woods.

Henry runs down the embankment. Tess calls out -

TESS  
Find anything?

HENRY  
Through there!

Tess follows him.

**EXT. DARK WOODS - DAY**

Greta leaps off the top of the fence. She hits the dirt,  
scrambles to her feet, and flees deeper into the woods.

Two figures watch, hidden in shadows. Glen and Martin.

GLEN  
Hey!

But Greta's long gone. Martin stomps a cigarette.

MARTIN  
Where's she off to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN  
She looks like she saw a ghost.

MARTIN  
Or that dead kid.

GLEN  
We should follow her.

Martin sizes up the fence.

MARTIN  
No way I'm climbing that.

Glen looks to either side - the fence stretches farther than he can see...

MARTIN (cont'd)  
You want to go after her?

Martin playfully punches his arm. Glen grips it painfully.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
Alright, Romeo. Maybe there's a way around.

Martin picks up his bicycle and pedals after Greta. Glen picks up his bicycle and follows.

**EXT. DRAIN - DUSK**

Greta slows. The woods grow dark. Silent.

She slips. Falls. Tumbles face-first into the dirt.

Greta lifts her head. Finds something towering over her...

A dark, imposing structure...

The concrete maw of an open STORM DRAIN.

Underfoot, the murky creek stretches into the mouth of the drain - disappearing into darkness.

A gust of acrid air rolls out. Greta covers her mouth, recognizing the unmistakable smell of something dead.

Greta is grabbed from behind. She screams.

GLEN  
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN  
God damn you're fast.

Glen helps her up. Greta brushes the mud from her jacket.

GRETA  
I'm fine.

GLEN  
You were really hauling.

GRETA  
There's something back there.

GLEN  
Like what?

GRETA  
I don't know...

Their moment is cut short when Martin coasts past them, letting his bicycle fall to the ground.

MARTIN  
Glen, quit playing with your girlfriend and check this out.

Glen winces. He obediently joins Martin at the mouth of the drain towering above them. Martin's jaw drops.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
You've lived here longest. You ever seen this before?

Glen shakes his head.

Another figure emerges from the trees -

Henry. Greta wraps her arms around him.

HENRY  
(whispering)  
You alright?

She nods. Tess emerges from the trees.

HENRY (cont'd)  
What happened back there? Is this your idea of staying close?

GRETA  
There was something in the creek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

What?

GRETA

It came out of the trees. It was hairy, and...

HENRY

A person?

TESS

James?

Greta shakes her head.

HENRY

Where did it go?

Greta collects herself.

GRETA

I don't know. It was big. It had long arms, and...

MARTIN

And great big teeth, all the better to eat you with.

Martin approaches the group, speaking in a whisper...

MARTIN (cont'd)

(mockingly)

Beware...

HENRY

Cut it out.

MARTIN

The big... bad... CREEP!

HENRY

I mean it.

Henry stares Martin down.

MARTIN

Lighten up. I'm only kidding.

Martin pokes the rifle on Henry's back.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Let me see that. I'm going in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HENRY

What for?

MARTIN

I don't know what's in there. What if it's the big bad creep?

Martin smiles at Greta. Greta glares back.

MARTIN (cont'd)

(to Henry)

Come on. I'll give it right back.

Henry stares him down.

MARTIN (cont'd)

(under his breath)

Fine.

Martin snaps his fingers. Glen hops to attention, and hands him a ZIPPO. Martin flicks it to life and approaches the drain. Glen follows.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Bet you can't get farther than ten feet in.

GLEN

Try me.

Henry takes Greta's hand.

HENRY

(to Greta)

What's this?

She uncurls her fist, revealing the tattered photograph she found in the creek.

Henry reaches for it. Tess grabs it first.

TESS

James.

HENRY

Greta found that in the creek.

GLEN

(O.S.)

Guys...

They turn. Martin and Glen have disappeared into the drain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Glen's voice echoes through the dark...

GLEN (cont'd)

(O.S.)

There's something in here.

Tess runs into the drain. Henry follows. Greta stays back. Henry stops, and turns to her. He extends a hand -

HENRY

You want to stay out here?

Greta takes his hand.

**INT. DRAIN**

Tess finds Glen and Martin standing before a heavy wrought iron GRATE. Beyond it, something shimmers in the dark.

MARTIN

Over there.

Tess removes a flashlight from her back pocket. Clicks it to life. She raises it, illuminating -

JAMES' BICYCLE. Upended. Tires frayed. Spokes caked in mud.

HENRY

Is that...

TESS

James!

Tess throws her flashlight to Greta and grabs the iron grate. Her knuckles go white as she strains to pry it open. It won't budge.

TESS (cont'd)

JAMES! JAMES ARE YOU IN THERE?!

MARTIN

How could he have gotten through?

Tess's call echoes back, unanswered. Henry grabs the grate. He yanks on it. Nothing.

HENRY

Give us a hand.

Martin and Glen join in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greta scans the perimeter of the tunnel with the flashlight. She spots a derelict pipe in the muck.

HENRY (cont'd)  
All together. One. Two. Three...

The grate screams - finally giving way.

MARTIN  
Christ this thing's heavy.

Greta slips through them with the pipe. Fits it snugly under the grate. Propping it open.

GRETA  
You can let go.

They do. The grate hangs open.

TESS  
Good thinking.

The group ducks under the grate, approaching the bicycle.

They take another step forward. And another. The drain goes silent...

MARTIN  
AAAAH!

They spin.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
Couldn't resist.

Martin looks to Glen for a laugh. But Glen just looks at Greta, embarrassed. Martin notices.

His scream echoes back down the corridor. The walls shake. The pipe holding the grate open SLIPS free. The grate SLAMS shut behind them.

HENRY  
Good going.

Martin and Glen run back to the grate and wrap their hands around it. They pull with all their might. But it won't budge. Henry and Greta join in.

HENRY (cont'd)  
All together now. One. Two. Three...

The group pulls. The grate won't move. They're trapped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greta goes pale. Henry takes her hand.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Don't panic. There are probably a  
hundred ways out of here.

Tess continues down the corridor alone. She reaches the  
bike. Feels the handle bars.

TESS  
(mutters)  
James.

Tess throws the bicycle aside, revealing a metal DOOR -  
"PERSONNEL ONLY."

Henry approaches Tess, still holding Greta's hand.

Tess grips the door handle. Turns it. Pulls the door open  
with a long, metallic groan.

HENRY  
He got in here somehow. Maybe he  
knows another way out.

He turns to Greta. She nods, apprehensively. Together, they  
step through the door.

Martin continues pulling on the grate. But it's no use. Glen  
watches the group disappear through the doorway ahead.

MARTIN  
Not going back through here. Looks  
like we're following your girlfriend.

Glen looks at his feet. Martin smiles.

#### **INT. FLOOD CONTROL**

An abandoned control station. Only traces of daylight peek  
through cracks in the cement ceiling.

Tess observes the dusty machinery. Corroded panels lined  
with destroyed buttons, knobs and dials.

HENRY  
Reminds me of the subway.

GRETA  
I hated the subway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TESS  
What's it like?

HENRY  
Dirty. Claustrophobic. Dark. Right up  
Greta's alley.

Greta feigns laughter.

TESS  
(to Greta)  
Afraid of the dark?

GRETA  
Not the dark. What you find in it.

Tess gestures to the flashlight.

TESS  
Why don't you hold onto that.  
Consider it a gift.

GRETA  
Thanks.

Tess wanders off to inspect the room. Greta glares at Henry.  
He goes to her -

GRETA (cont'd)  
I can't wait to tell her what you're  
scared of.

HENRY  
(chuckling)  
What's that?

Greta smiles, gesturing to Tess.

GRETA  
Girls.

Henry goes pale.

TESS  
(O.S.)  
Henry! Greta!

They run to find Tess standing at the edge of a chasm - an  
overflow reservoir - brimming with murky water.

A destroyed catwalk hangs overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY  
How deep do you think it goes?

GRETA  
Deep.

Tess picks up a length of pipe - about 10 feet long.

She hauls it to the lip of the reservoir. Greta and Henry join in. They dip the pipe into the reservoir. It falls down... deeper, and deeper, finally disappearing without a trace.

GRETA (cont'd)  
Maybe he fell in.

Tess goes pale.

GRETA (cont'd)  
Can he swim?

TESS  
Yeah.

HENRY  
Then maybe he got across somehow.

Greta pulls him aside.

GRETA  
You want to go further?

HENRY  
He could be hurt.

GRETA  
Then let's get dad.

HENRY  
He might need our help now.

Greta looks at Tess, seeing her mind is already made up.

HENRY (cont'd)  
I'll be right there with you.

Greta nods. Tess and Henry upend a wooden pallet. Greta holds her flashlight while they work.

Tess drags another pallet over. Using some old wire, she lashes them together with some old plastic drums, forming a makeshift RAFT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Henry and Tess push the raft over the lip of the chasm - the heavy wood bounces easily along the water.

Tess extends a hand to Henry. He takes it, stepping aboard. The raft shifts gently under his weight.

He extends a hand to Greta.

HENRY (cont'd)  
All aboard.

She climbs on.

MARTIN  
(O.S.)  
Ahoy!

They turn to face Martin standing with Glen.

Glen smiles, embarrassed.

GLEN  
Room for two more?

#### **INT. FLOODED CANAL**

The RAFT floats over the flooded reservoir.

Tess looks over the edge - streaks of black twist under them, illuminated by Greta's flashlight.

MARTIN  
Thirsty?

Tess glares at Martin.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
Looks deep. I'll bet anything could live down there.

Her eyes go wide.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
I used to be scared of the water. We had this big lake out behind our house. One day, my dad picked me up. Threw me right in.

TESS  
Cut it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

No joke.

GRETA

Could you swim?

MARTIN

Of course. But it wasn't drowning that I was scared of. I was worried something would pull me down.

The group goes quiet.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Now the lake's my favorite place in the world. All it took was a little push.

HENRY

Give it a rest.

MARTIN

Aye aye, captain.

The raft bumps against the lip of the reservoir.

Tess jumps ashore, and turns to help the rest.

Henry pulls the raft onto the concrete.

HENRY

It's our only way back, so whatever happens, we go back together.

MARTIN

If that kid really did wander all this way by himself, I'd be impressed. Still have to slug him for putting us through all this trouble.

TESS

No one asked you to come along.

MARTIN

I'm kidding. Lighten up.

Across the water - the metallic groan of an opening door.

Greta grabs her brother.

GRETA

Henry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLEN  
Someone followed us.

MARTIN  
Hey!

TESS  
James?!

GRETA  
Stop.

MARTIN  
You're right. What if it's the big  
bad -

GRETA  
Don't say it.

Greta grips Henry's hand.

HENRY  
Probably just a rat.

She shakes her head. Martin chuckles.

TESS  
Great.

MARTIN  
What's the matter?

TESS  
Nothing.

MARTIN  
Scared of rats?

Martin PINCHES Tess. She screams.

Henry shoves Martin. Martin stares him down.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
(threatening)  
Lighten up.

Something splashes in the distance.

HENRY  
Let's keep moving.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

Henry leads the way - air rifle in one hand, Greta's hand in the other, followed closely by Tess, Martin, and Glen.

Martin inspects the debris lining the corridor.

MARTIN

No hard feelings.

TESS

Let's just find James and get out of here.

MARTIN

You know, I used to be scared of rats too.

TESS

First the lake. Now rats. You used to be scared of lots of things.

MARTIN

Used to.

TESS

Then what happened? Your dad throw you into a pit full of them?

MARTIN

No. My cousin got one for a pet. Bit the hell out of me. I thought I was gonna die of rabies.

TESS

(smiling)

Maybe they're not so bad.

Greta spots something caught on the debris - a patch of matted hair. She stops. Her eyes go wide.

HENRY

What's that?

Henry reaches for it. Greta stops him.

GRETA

Don't.

TESS

Maybe there's a lost dog down here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN  
Then there's another way out!

TESS  
Poor thing. Maybe it's hurt.

Martin picks up a piece of re-bar, clutching it like a club.

TESS (cont'd)  
What's that for?

MARTIN  
Better be friendly. For its own sake.

Tess gives a disgusted laugh.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
(sarcastically)  
Did you want to adopt it?

TESS  
You had a rough childhood, didn't you?

MARTIN  
Not really. Rough as anyone else.

TESS  
I take it your parents never taught you to live and let live.

MARTIN  
I'd be more than happy to let it live. I'm more worried about us.

HENRY  
He's not wrong.

Tess turns to face Henry.

HENRY (cont'd)  
If there is something down here, we should be prepared.

MARTIN  
(mocking)  
Thanks, captain.

Martin pats Henry on the shoulder, taking the lead. Glen walks with Greta -

GLEN  
Just so you know, this isn't normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETA  
(smiling)  
Oh no?

GLEN  
I mean, this isn't what we typically  
do for fun.

GRETA  
Got it.

GLEN  
You're new here, right?

GRETA  
Yeah.

GLEN  
How do you like it?

She chuckles at the absurdity of his question. Tess stops.

TESS  
What was that?

The group listens. Martin clutches his club.

The corridor is silent.

GLEN  
I didn't hear anything.

A howl rings out from behind them...

They turn, staring into the dark.

MARTIN  
Found your dog.

The howl twists into a demonic scream. The group goes white.

TESS  
What should we-

Martin runs - disappearing into the dark. The group follows.  
Barreling down the corridor faster than they can see. The  
inhuman screams growing louder behind them.

Greta's light probes the dark, landing on a heavy iron door.

MARTIN  
There!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Martin crashes against the door. He grips the handle. It won't move. Greta joins. Followed by Tess and Henry.

Henry turns. Lifts his air rifle. He lines up the sight, desperately trying to trace the shrieking, unsure where to aim...

Together, the group heaves. A slight gap opens. Greta eyes Martin's re-bar club.

GRETA

Give it here!

Martin looks down the corridor. Rays of sunlight illuminate only a glimpse of the SHAPE closing in on them.

He shakes his head. Clutches his makeshift club.

Greta pulls it from his hands. She wedges it between the door and its frame, creating a makeshift lever. She throws her weight into it. Still no use.

MARTIN

(sarcastically)

Good thinking.

Glen joins in, throwing his weight into the makeshift lever.

A crack forms between the door and its frame -

Greta tries to push Glen inside - but Martin forces his way between them, awkwardly throwing himself through first.

Tess throws Greta through then grabs Henry's elbow, yanking them both into -

### **INT. LADDER ROOM**

Greta jumps to her feet, throwing her back against the door.

A coil of emaciated, pale fingers curl around the edge of the door. It pushes. Widening the gap inch by inch.

Glen, Greta, Henry, and Tess shove back against the door.

Glen's sneakers slip on wet concrete. The pale, clawed hand SEIZES his face. Glen desperately extends a hand to Martin -

GLEN

Get it off me!

Martin backs away. His jaw dropped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the butt of Henry's rifle cracks the monster's wrist. It shrieks, retreating just long enough for -

The steel door to SLAM shut. Henry PUSHES the re-bar through the door. A makeshift dead bolt.

Muted screams ring out from behind the door as the monster thrashes against it.

The group backs away from the quaking door. The dead bolt groans. The scream on the other side twists into a pained cry. Then, finally... Silence. The group huddles together, petrified.

MARTIN

(to Tess)

Still want to adopt it?

Glen feels the cut across his face. He glares at Martin.

MARTIN (cont'd)

What?

HENRY

Guess we're not going back that way.

Martin scans the perimeter of the room.

TESS

We need to get out of here before whatever is out there finds a way in.

Martin stumbles upon a LADDER, affixed to the platform they stand on. It runs down into the darkness below, disappearing into a chasm.

Martin's jaw drops. Greta approaches with her flashlight.

GRETA

Nice find, Martin.

She grabs the HANDRAIL. Gives it a light tug. SNAPPING it off. She traces the structure with the beam of her light -

Something glimmers in the dark, dangling around the ladder.

HENRY

Hold the light there.

She does.

Henry plants one foot on the ladder's top rung and leans forward, testing it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

You're going to break your neck. This place could be a hundred years old.

Henry reaches for the object dangling from the ladder.

MARTIN (cont'd)

There has to be another way out.

GLEN

Won't know until we look.

MARTIN

We wouldn't even be here if you didn't want to impress your girlfriend.

Glen goes quiet. Greta winces.

Henry approaches them. In his hands, he holds the twisted, water-logged remains of James' Polaroid camera.

HENRY

He's down here, alright.

GLEN

If that's his, then how'd it get all the way down here?

HENRY

He must've left it for us.

GRETA

What's the plan?

MARTIN

If that's all that's left of him, then the plan ought to be we get out while we can.

HENRY

Agreed.

Henry moves for the ladder.

MARTIN

That's the plan? Venture deeper into the literal shit-hole.

HENRY

You want to take your chance with that thing back there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTIN

Rather than die at the bottom of  
some pit.

GLEN

We can't leave him down here.

MARTIN

(mocking)

Well look at you.

Glen backs down.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Even if we do find him, we'll be no  
use to anyone if we're lost.

Henry puts a hand on Greta's shoulder.

HENRY

What do you say?

Henry forces a smile.

HENRY (cont'd)

I'll be right there with you.

Greta nods.

MARTIN

(to Glen)

What about you, Mr. Brave Knight?

Glen looks at his feet.

TESS

No time like the present.

HENRY

We should go one at a time. There's  
no telling how old this thing is.

Tess nods and begins to descend the ladder.

Henry slings his air rifle over his back, and descends.

Glen moves for the ladder. Martin stops him.

MARTIN

Let them go.

GLEN

You just want to sit around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Martin recognizes defiance in Glen's eyes. Martin smiles. Considers knocking the look right off his face.

MARTIN  
I say we stand guard.

Glen looks to Greta. He turns to Martin. Nods obediently.

Greta moves for the ladder. Glen stops her. Turns around so Martin can't see him putting the lighter in her hand -

GLEN  
Just in case.

GRETA  
I've got a flashlight.

GLEN  
You never know. Just don't lose it.  
It's my dad's.

She nods. Glen watches her disappear down the ladder.

MARTIN  
You want to get lost in a hundred-year old jungle gym, be my guest, but I'm not breaking my neck on that thing.

Glen turns.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
We'll guard the exit.

GLEN  
You mean we'll sit here.

MARTIN  
Yeah.

Martin sits. Glen follows suit.

### **INT. ANCIENT CORRIDOR**

The scenery has taken a new shape. Stone walls outfitted with wooden support beams. An unfinished tunnel, abandoned halfway through construction.

A rolling steel shutter, embedded in the rocky wall. It rises...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tess, Henry, and Greta pull themselves through the shutter, spilling into the corridor. Greta notices something clawed into the steel shutter's face - a primitive marking.

GRETA

What's this?

HENRY

Looks like the brave explorers have stumbled upon Tut's tomb.

TESS

Not now.

HENRY

Laughter helps me deal with stress.

TESS

Then try being funny.

Henry sinks.

GRETA

This place is starting to make me miss the subway.

As they make their way forward, the tunnel grows darker. The group crowds around Greta's light.

HENRY

When you were little you wouldn't go into the basement alone without Mom holding your hand.

GRETA

Mom's not here.

HENRY

(softly)

I know.

He holds her hand. The flashlight flickers. Greta lets go of his hand and smacks the flashlight back to life.

TESS

Get down!

Tess pulls them to the side. Up ahead, a shadow rises, silhouetted against the tunnel. Greta whispers to Henry -

GRETA

That's it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

What?

GRETA

The thing from the creek.

Henry's jaw drops in terrified awe.

HENRY

The Creep.

Tess leans between them -

TESS

(whispering)

It doesn't see us.

Henry raises the air rifle. Draws a bead on it.

Greta leans in -

GRETA

(whispering)

You'll only piss it off.

Henry POPS the lever action. The sound echoes down the corridor -

The creature jerks toward them, revealing its emaciated, humanoid frame. A feral thing, twisted by its subterranean upbringing. Greta recognizes it. A close relative of the monster from the creek.

HENRY

(muttering)

What the fuck.

The Creep's eyeless face locks on Henry. Its ears perk. Lips curl over yellow teeth. Pale arms rise - claws pointing.

TESS

I think it heard you...

The Creep ERUPTS toward them, sprinting down the corridor.

Henry white-knuckles the air rifle. Aiming...

Greta fishes in Henry's coat pocket.

The Creep swipes blindly. Claws thrashing. Closing in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRETA  
(realizing)  
It can't see.

Henry shakes, unsure where to aim.

Greta withdraws a handful of pellets from Henry's coat.

Henry's trigger finger tenses...

Greta throws the pellets RATTLING behind them.

The Creep's ears perk. It twists, and runs right past them, following the rattling pellets down an adjacent corridor.

The sound of its thrashing fades into the distance.

Henry looks to his sister.

HENRY  
Not bad.

Tess pulls them along...

TESS  
Come on. Quietly.

**INT. LADDER ROOM**

Martin presses his ear against the door. Glen keeps his eye fixed on the ladder. Waiting for a sign of their return.

MARTIN  
You hear that?

GLEN  
What?

MARTIN  
Exactly.

Glen doesn't follow. Martin grips the dead bolt.

GLEN  
We said we'd wait.

MARTIN  
We may not get another chance.

Martin UNBOLTS the door. Glen jumps to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN  
What are you doing?

Martin cracks the door open. He peeks into the hall. No sign of the monster - no sign of anything.

MARTIN  
Coast is clear.

Glen rises, arms folded.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
I'm not waiting for that thing to come back. You're welcome to come with, or you can stay here.

Glen looks at his feet.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
Last chance.

**INT. ANCIENT CORRIDOR**

Greta, Tess, and Henry run down the corridor.

TESS  
What the Hell was that thing?

HENRY  
How should I know?

TESS  
Was that a person?

HENRY  
Maybe it used to be.

TESS  
(Greta)  
Was that really the thing from the creek?

GRETA  
I don't know. It looked... Smaller.

TESS  
Smaller? Like there's more than one?

HENRY  
This place could be a thousand years old, who knows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETA

Whatever it was, it couldn't see, but  
it could hear, so maybe we should  
keep our voices down.

They come to a three-way intersection.

TESS

What now?

Henry measures up the three identical tunnels -

HENRY

Eenie, meenie, miney...

TESS

You're joking.

He slings the air rifle over his shoulder.

HENRY

You have a better idea?

She shakes her head. They take off down the middle corridor.

**INT. INNER CORRIDOR**

Martin retraces their steps. Glen reluctantly follows.

MARTIN

Shouldn't be too much farther.

Martin fishes a crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket.  
He SNAPS his fingers.

GLEN

What?

Martin snaps again.

MARTIN

Lighter.

Glen digs in his pockets.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Where did it go?

GLEN

(lying)  
Must've dropped it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Way to go.

GLEN

What's the plan when we get back?

Martin pockets the cigarette. Annoyed.

GLEN (cont'd)

Hey, Mom. Dad. I know we weren't supposed to leave the house today, but -

MARTIN

You're afraid of getting grounded?

GLEN

If they don't come back, someone's going to have to answer for it.

MARTIN

I'm not answering for shit. They got themselves into this.

GLEN

I didn't mean it like that.

Martin fishes the cigarette out again.

MARTIN

Look again.

GLEN

I don't have it.

MARTIN

You've never lost it before.

Glen looks at his feet.

GLEN

I gave it to Greta.

MARTIN

(mockingly)

How romantic.

Martin reads Glen's nervous face.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Your dad's going to be pissed. My old man can get rough sometimes, but yours...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Martin WHISTLES, shaking his head.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
I'd be more worried about him than  
anything we find down here.

Glen nods.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
If he ever treated me the way he  
treats you, I'd fuck him up.

Martin turns down another corridor. Glen follows.

MARTIN (cont'd)  
This looks familiar.

**INT. ANCIENT CORRIDOR**

Tess, Henry, and Greta run down the corridor.

HENRY  
How big can this place be?

A shadow crosses the corridor. The group stops.

GRETA  
Keep your voices down.

The shadow disappears around a corner.

TESS  
Maybe there's a hundred of them.

HENRY  
Over there.

He gestures to Greta. She trains her light on an open vent.

Henry approaches the vent. Kneels beside it. The group  
follows cautiously, finding -

Its broken cover hanging from its hinges.

Greta shines her light inside the vent, illuminating a note  
scrawled in mud: "H E L P."

TESS  
James. He's close.

Tears well in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETA  
What do we do now?

TESS  
We get him, and get out of here.

GRETA  
Who's stupid enough to go in there?

Tess steps up to the vent. Wedges herself through. But she's too big. Henry and Greta pull her out.

TESS  
We have to get him out.

Tess turns to Greta.

TESS (cont'd)  
Greta, can you have a look?

Greta looks to her brother. Terrified. He speaks for her -

HENRY  
No way.

Henry calls into the vent -

HENRY (cont'd)  
James, you in there?

GRETA  
Don't call attention.

HENRY  
You sure you can handle it?

He offers her the air rifle.

GRETA  
(faking calm)  
I got this.

She takes it.

#### **INT. VENT**

A claustrophobic passage. Completely dark. If not for the lonely beam of Greta's flashlight inching forward, lashed to the barrel of the air rifle by its strap. She looks back -

Henry's face grows smaller as she advances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETA

(mutters)

See. They're right behind you.  
Everything's okay... Everything's -

The flashlight flickers...

GRETA (cont'd)

No, please, no.

...and flicks back to life. Greta continues.

GRETA (cont'd)

(whispering)

Anyone there?

Greta advances, falling into -

### **INT. VENT JUNCTION**

Greta rises to her feet, stretching her back.

Something across the space shifts, concealed in darkness.

Greta lifts her flashlight, finding -

A very dirty, very terrified JAMES cowering against the wall. Eyes shut. Hands covering his face.

GRETA

James.

He shrinks against the wall. Paralyzed with fear.

GRETA (cont'd)

Are you alright?

JAMES

Greta?

James forces an eye open. Peeks at her. He draws in a breath, and lunges - embracing her. The force nearly knocks Greta off her feet as James wraps his arms around her, weeping with joy.

JAMES (cont'd)

You came.

Greta, unsure what to say -

GRETA

Easy. It's alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James refuses to budge. Greta comforts him -

GRETA (cont'd)  
It's okay.

James steps back.

GRETA (cont'd)  
How long have you been in here?

He shushes her. Composes himself. Speaks in a whisper -

JAMES  
I don't know. Last I remember I was  
in a dark room. I couldn't see  
anything.

GRETA  
How did you get away?

JAMES  
I just kept walking. Stayed quiet. Is  
Tessie with you?

Greta nods. James hugs her again.

GRETA  
She can't wait to see you. Come on.

James cowers against his familiar far wall.

JAMES  
We can't go out there. There's plenty  
of room here. If we just keep  
quiet...

GRETA  
That's not going to work, James.

JAMES  
It's safe here.

GRETA  
I know you're scared. I am too.  
(smiles)  
But you promised you'd show me your  
pictures when you got back.

Silence.

GRETA (cont'd)  
I'll be right behind you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She extends the butt of the air rifle to him.

James takes it.

**INT. FLOOD CONTROL**

Martin pushes the raft onto the water.

Glen watches Martin step aboard the raft, balancing as it rocks underfoot.

MARTIN

All aboard.

Glen doesn't budge. He looks Martin in the eye.

MARTIN (cont'd)

I'm not asking you again.

GLEN

No.

MARTIN

What did you say?

GLEN

We can't leave them in here.

MARTIN

You chickenshit-

A slow wave rolls under the raft. Martin loses his footing.

He glances over the side.

A pale, eyeless face stares back. Suddenly -

A Creep erupts through the water, splintering the raft. A clawed hand grips Martin's face, dragging him, screaming, under the murky water.

Glen crumples to the floor.

Debris rains... No trace of the monster. No trace of Martin.

The room goes quiet.

An inhuman hand crests the lip of the reservoir. The thing pulls itself up from the water- a dripping, inhuman frame.

The Creep rises. In its claws, Martin's lifeless body hangs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Glen doubles back, grasping for the STEEL DOOR handle.

He throws himself through the door, catching a glimpse at its eyeless face before pushing the door shut.

**INT. ANCIENT CORRIDOR**

Henry and Tess sit before the vent.

HENRY  
How long has she been in there?

A KNOCK reverberates inside the vent. A beam of light appears, dancing across their faces. They shield their eyes. Squinting. Tess recognizes the figure crawling toward her -

TESS  
James!

Tess reaches in, pulling James from the vent. He wraps his arms around her. Buries his face in her shoulder.

TESS (cont'd)  
(smiling)  
That was longer than 20 minutes,  
squirt.

Henry reaches in, and pulls Greta from the vent.

GRETA  
Can we go home now?

TESS  
I like that idea.

JAMES  
Which way?

Greta gestures down the path with her flashlight, and the group starts walking back the way they came.

HENRY  
(to Greta)  
Good work.

Greta ignores him.

HENRY (cont'd)  
That was brave.

GRETA  
I had to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY  
No, you didn't.

GRETA  
Now's not the time.

HENRY  
Still. Pretty bad-ass.

GRETA  
(mocking him)  
Pretty bad-ass.

HENRY  
Mom would have thought so.

GRETA  
Doesn't matter what Mom would think.

The flashlight flickers.

HENRY  
I got it.

Henry reaches for the flashlight.

Frenzied FOOTSTEPS echo down the tunnel behind them.

The group turns. Tess grabs James.

Henry takes the rifle. Trains it on the corridor behind them. The flashlight mounted to its barrel barely penetrates the darkness...

Henry CRANKS the lever action... Takes aim... Squeezes the trigger... PFFT! A pellet flies into the dark.

GLEN  
(O.S.)  
OW! Son of a bitch.

Henry lowers the air rifle. Glen emerges. Panting.

GLEN (cont'd)  
Henry? What the Hell?

HENRY  
Keep your voice down.

JAMES  
Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLEN  
(to Tess)  
You found him?

HENRY  
Shut up.

Henry grabs Glen aggressively.

HENRY (cont'd)  
You're going to lead it right to us.

Glen goes white. Greta puts a hand on Henry's shoulder.

GRETA  
I think he gets the point.

Henry lets him go.

HENRY  
Sorry.

Glen brushes himself off.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Where's your friend?

GLEN  
Martin tried. We tried, to...

Glen draws a painful breath.

GLEN (cont'd)  
We can't go back. Unless you want to  
try swimming.

JAMES  
What?

Glen searches for the words...

GLEN  
The raft's gone.

HENRY  
How'd that happen?

GLEN  
We tried to go back.

TESS  
Without us, you mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRETA  
"Tried?"

Glen fumbles for the words.

GLEN  
Martin...

GRETA  
What?

GLEN  
He's... dead.

GRETA  
Dead?

TESS  
What do you mean dead?

Glen looks into her eyes. His silence says it all- dead.

GRETA  
(to Henry)  
What are we going to tell dad now?

HENRY  
Nothing if we don't find a way out of here.

TESS  
So what do we do?

HENRY  
We go home.

Henry continues forward. Glen stops him.

GLEN  
I just said you can't go that way.

HENRY  
What do you mean?

GLEN  
Something destroyed the raft.

TESS  
So we're screwed.

GRETA  
James, you must have gotten away somehow. Is there another way out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMES  
There's a way.

GRETA  
It's all we got.

James shakes his head.

JAMES  
It's no use.

GRETA  
Show us.

He looks to Tess. She nods.

JAMES  
Okay.

HENRY  
If that's our only shot, I say we  
take it. Seeing as how we can't go  
back the way we came.

GLEN  
I'm sorry.

JAMES  
Keep your voices down.

The light flickers. Greta smacks it. To no avail...

GRETA  
Please, no...

HENRY  
Give it here.

Henry reaches for the light. It DIES. Plunging them into  
darkness. James cries -

JAMES  
Help!

TESS  
James, take my hand.

Feet SCUFFLE in the dark.

TESS (cont'd)  
Hold still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAMES

I am!

GRETA

Hold on.

A spark. In Greta's hand, the Zippo illuminates -

A CREEP'S EYELESS FACE. Inches from hers. Teeth glistening.

Greta covers her mouth. The lighter's flame licks the monster's face. It SHRIEKS.

...and retreats into darkness.

Greta is seized from behind. She stifles a scream. Glen pulls himself close to her.

They're joined by Tess.

TESS

James? I'm here.

James emerges from the dark, joining them.

GRETA

Henry?

Greta waves the lighter - careful not to extinguish it.

She steps forward, whispering -

GRETA (cont'd)

Henry?

She takes another step.

GRETA (cont'd)

Henry?

No response. The group calls out, panicked -

JAMES

Henry?!

GLEN

Henry?!

TESS

Henry, where are you?

Greta spots something on the ground up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

She approaches it. Kneels. Comes up holding -

Henry's destroyed AIR RIFLE. Flashlight shattered. Strap frayed. Barrel twisted -

A horrific realization dawns on her.

GRETA

Henry!

Greta runs. The group follows her down the corridor.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

A steel door flies open.

Greta, Glen, Tess and James run through.

Greta stops suddenly. She finds herself standing at the edge of a bottomless, black pit. Glen pulls her back.

Henry's cries echo up through the dark.

GRETA

Henry!

Tears well in Greta's eyes.

GRETA (cont'd)

Where are they taking him?

TESS

We need to find a way out of here.

Greta, Tess, James and Glen pull a crate in front of the steel door, creating a makeshift barricade.

Greta feels her brother's destroyed air rifle.

TESS (cont'd)

That should buy us some time to find a way out of here.

Greta observes the shattered flashlight still attached to the air rifle. Tears it off. Tosses it aside.

TESS (cont'd)

What are you doing?

GRETA

He's alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TESS

Greta.

GRETA

They took James alive. That's why we're here, isn't it? So why not Henry?

Tess looks at her feet.

GRETA (cont'd)

(to James)

James. Where did they take you?

JAMES

I don't know. It was too dark.

Greta tears a sleeve from her coat. Wraps it around the bent barrel of the air rifle.

She flicks the Zippo. Lights the sleeve wrapped around the barrel, creating a makeshift torch. Its flame illuminates the area - an abandoned construction site.

In its center - a system of pulleys, secured by massive wooden beams. Coils of heavy, knotted rope wind from the ceiling to the platform of an antiquated FREIGHT LIFT.

JAMES (cont'd)

Whoa.

GLEN

They must have brought stuff through here when they first built the place.

TESS

Who's they?

He shrugs.

GLEN

Whoever built it.

Glen spots an old GENERATOR rusting in the corner.

GLEN (cont'd)

Look!

He runs to the generator. Begins fumbling with it, trying to revive it. It's long dead.

Greta approaches the lift dangling over the pit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tess puts a hand on her shoulder.

TESS  
There's no use going any further.

Greta ignores her, uncovering an iron LEVER fastened to the floor - the lift's primitive control system.

GLEN  
Careful.

She pushes, but the crank won't budge. Glen joins her, throwing his weight into it. The lever gives. Gears turn. Dust falls from the rafters.

The lift rises.

TESS  
If he is down there, they're not going to just let you walk in and take him away.

GRETA  
Not counting on it.

Greta fastens her torch to the lift.

TESS  
When you're ready to come up, just let us know.

Glen steps up.

GLEN  
I'm coming with you.

Glen nervously tests the lift with his foot.

GLEN (cont'd)  
If anything happens to that lighter, my dad will kill me. If anything happens to you, I need to make sure I get it back.

Greta smiles.

GRETA  
We'll go one at a time.

TESS  
Good luck.

Greta climbs aboard the lift. James approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES  
(whispers)  
Whatever happens. Stay quiet.

She nods.

Tess throws the lever. Gears turn. The contraption springs to life, lowering her into...

**INT. PIT**

The dark chasm. The light of Greta's torch barely pierces dark as the lift makes its descent...

Suddenly, the lift JERKS. Nearly bucking Greta off.

JAMES  
(O.S.)  
Sorry!

She white knuckles the support line.

TESS  
(O.S.)  
That's it! It won't go any farther.

GLEN  
(O.S.)  
See anything?

Greta waves the butt of her makeshift torch below -

GRETA  
Just a little farther.

The faint sound of RUNNING WATER below her.

TESS  
(O.S.)  
What do you see?

GRETA  
It's just a short drop!  
(mutters)  
I hope.

Greta lowers herself over the side of the lift.

She takes a breath, braces, and lets herself drop...

...six feet down. She sprawls back into a small stream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her torch rattles onto gravel.

TESS  
You okay?

Greta fumbles for it.

GRETA  
I'm fine!

She waves the torch overhead, signaling - Glen's turn.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Glen climbs aboard the lift.

GLEN  
Be back soon.

TESS  
Good luck.

JAMES  
We won't leave you stranded.

Glen lets this sink in as -

**INT. PIT**

The lift descends. Glen spots Greta's torch below.

GRETA  
Just a little farther.

Glen clings to the lift.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

BOOM. The door JUMPS behind the makeshift barricade. Something thrashes on it from the other side. Tess jumps from the lift's control lever.

**INT. PIT**

The lift stops. Glen dangles helplessly in the dark.

GLEN  
What's going on up there?

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

The door bends in its frame. Tess calls down into the pit -

TESS  
We have to hide!

Tess and James push another crate onto the barricade. Behind it, the steel door cracks.

**INT. PIT**

Greta calls up to Glen.

GRETA  
You have to jump.

GLEN  
It's too far.

GRETA  
No time to argue!

Glen eases himself over the edge of the lift. The lift angles awkwardly under his weight.

GRETA (cont'd)  
On three. One...

Glen loosens his grip.

GRETA (cont'd)  
Two... Three!

Glen hesitates. The lift's support line SNAPS. The lift falls, dangling vertically from its remaining support line, bucking Glen off.

He tumbles through the dark, landing on top of Greta.

His leg SMASHES into a stalagmite. He cries out in pain.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

The barricade SPLINTERS.

An emaciated Creep thrashes into the room.

**INT. PIT**

Greta drags Glen to the wall.

She puts a hand over his mouth, silencing him.

Fifty feet above them - a silhouette looms over the ledge of the pit. The Creep. Listening.

Greta tightens her grip on Glen's mouth.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

James. Eyes wide. Held securely by Tess. Mere inches from -  
The Creep leaning over the lip of the pit.

**INT. PIT**

Greta holds Glen close.

GRETA  
(whispers)  
Don't. Move.

He tenses. Closing his eyes. Greta lifts her head to face -  
The eyeless Creep. Its unseeing face staring back at her.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

Tess shakes. Her eyes fall to her leg -

A fat, red-eyed RAT crawls over her shoe. She draws a sharp  
BREATH. The Creep twists. Tess freezes.

**INT. PIT**

Glen writhes. His foot scrapes gravel.

The Creep twists back toward the pit - baring its teeth.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

James looks into Tess's eyes.

The rat makes its way over her shoe. And up her calf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks to the Creep. Then back to James.

James draws a breath, and rises to his feet...

...he stretches his arms toward the Creep's hunched back.

...and SHOVES!

**INT. PIT**

The Creep plummets headfirst into the pit.

It CRASHES against the dangling lift. Turning as it falls. Finally landing with a lethal CRUNCH. Its torso impaled on a jagged stalagmite.

It lets out a dying SHRIEK. Then, silence.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

Tess shakes the rat from her leg and scrambles to her feet.

**INT. PIT**

Greta keeps a firm grip on Glen. They look up to the lip of the pit. James leans over. He's joined by Tess.

Greta calls out -

GRETA  
That was a stupid plan!

JAMES  
(to Tess)  
It worked, didn't it?

James shoots a thumbs up. Glen shoots one in return.

The Creep lies face-down, impaled on the stalagmite.

Greta plants her boot on its neck and pushes. It's dead.

Glen clutches his leg. Greta notices.

GRETA  
How bad is it?

GLEN  
Just a bruise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Glen hobbles a few feet. Tests his leg.

He crumples with a splash. He wipes his face. His hand comes back glistening. Glen sniffs it. His eyes go wide.

GLEN (cont'd)  
Keep the torch off the ground.

Greta stands to attention. Glen rises, wiping his hands -

GRETA  
What is it?

GLEN  
Smells like the stuff in my dad's lighter. If this stuff catches, we're screwed.

Greta nods.

TESS  
(O.S.)  
You guys alright down there?

GRETA  
We're fine. Keep your voices down.

Greta scans the pit, finding a stone corridor. She starts toward it. Glen hobbles after her.

GRETA (cont'd)  
You okay?

GLEN  
Right behind you.

Glen follows her into -

### **INT. LAIR ENTRANCE**

The tunnel grows tight around them.

They come to a door unlike any they've seen - a heavy slab of stone. Scratched in its face - a primitive, territorial marking.

GLEN  
This place gets weirder by the minute.

Greta traces her hand over the marking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN (cont'd)  
Think your brother's in there?

GRETA  
I'm going to find out.

Together, they lean into the slab. It slides open, releasing a gust of hot, rotten air.

GLEN  
Smells just like the time our fridge broke.

Greta steps inside. Glen follows her into...

**INT. LAIR**

The heart of the labyrinth. An ancient place. More temple than sewer.

Greta feels her way around. Glen follows close behind.

Fossilized remains litter the ground. Rusty, steel-jawed bear traps. Twisted wire cages. An arsenal of archaic, cruel hunting tools. A cave once inhabited by wild men.

Greta is visibly grossed out.

GLEN  
What's the matter?

GRETA  
You think those things were people?

GLEN  
Like when?

Greta traces the stone walls with her torch, illuminating countless tally marks scratched in its face. The tallies stretch endlessly into the dark.

GLEN (cont'd)  
(joking)  
Maybe they lost count after a few hundred years.

Glen picks up a frayed HARD HAT. Observes it.

GRETA  
Careful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN

There's no way this junk still works.

He slips, kicking a bone across the floor. It slides into the maw of a bear trap. The trap's steel jaw SPRINGS shut, snapping the bone like a twig. Glen swallows, nervously. Greta helps him to his feet. He winces.

GRETA

I think you'd better stay back.

GLEN

You want me to stand guard?

GRETA

(smiling)

Sure.

She digs through her pocket. Hands him the Zippo.

GRETA (cont'd)

In case I don't come back. But if I do, be ready to run.

Greta looks at his bleeding leg. Glen forces a smile.

GLEN

Or at least... crawl.

Greta smiles. Nods. Presses on.

She comes to a set of steps. Ancient slabs of stone, descending into darkness. She takes a breath. Puts one foot in front of the other, and descends into...

### **INT. FEEDING GROUND**

A wide open lair. Pitch black.

Greta disembarks from the last step. Her boot lands with a splash. She holds her torch low, illuminating a puddle of murky, crimson water. She inches forward...

Just ahead, the pale, eyeless face of a Creep stares back at her. Completely still. Silent. Greta senses it. Brings her torch forward. The Creep instinctively backs away from the flame, clearing her path.

Another Creep steps into view behind her.

Her foot catches something. She kneels, finding -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The foot of a mountain of rotted bones. Frayed rib-cages. Some animal. Some human. Centuries of forgotten dead.

Greta kneels, searching for any sign of her brother.

A hand rises behind her. GRABS her shoulder. PULLS her flat against the decaying mountain.

It's HENRY. Battered. Bruised. But alive.

She pulls him close. Bones and viscera slide over their faces, concealing them.

A Creep slithers forward. Another joins. And another. A horde convenes, blindly surveying the pile. Their hands run along picked over bones, inches from Greta's face, finally settling upon a familiar corpse - Martin. Greta covers her mouth.

The Creeps drag it from the pile. Pulling it between them as they retreat into the darkness.

The horde goes still.

A shape cuts through them. Pale as the rest, but twice their size. Crudely stitched hair on its pelt. Pale snout. Greta recognizes it. The monster from the creek. The leader of the pack - the ALPHA.

It stops before the pile. Kneels, sensing the torch smoldering in Greta's hands.

It leans forward, raises its snout. Inches from Greta.

She draws a breath. Tightens her grip on the torch, and -

Punches the torch upward, catching ALPHA'S pelt. The monster shrieks in agony, as its pelt bursts into flames.

The horde leaps onto the feeding pile, thrashing.

Greta swings the torch, cutting a path through the grasping horde. She tows Henry back to the steps. The Creep's frenzied shrieks echo past as they ascend the stairs.

Alpha rises to its feet. Raises a seared, clawed finger toward its escaping prey.

#### **INT. LAIR**

Glen hums quietly to himself, nudging a rusty old bear trap with his foot. He spots Greta's torch in the distance -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN  
About time!

He sees Henry in tow. He jumps with joy -

GLEN (cont'd)  
Henry!

Then he sees the pursuing horde. He goes pale.

GRETA  
Move!

She shoves Glen forward into -

**INT. LAIR ENTRANCE**

Glen dives through first, followed by Henry and Greta. They back against the door and push with all their might -

Their WAILING pursuers close in...

HENRY  
All at once! One...

They're getting closer.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Two...

Their thrashing claws mere feet away...

HENRY (cont'd)  
Three!

The door rolls shut, muffling the frenzied wailing.

GLEN  
That should hold them.

A crack appears in the stone door.

GRETA  
Not for long.

Greta grabs Henry and Glen. She pulls them forward into...

**INT. PIT**

A dead end. The destroyed lift dangles overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETA  
TESS!

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

Tess clammers to the lip of the pit.

TESS  
Greta! Henry! You're alive!

GRETA  
Bring us up!

James and Tess jump to the Lever.

**INT. PIT**

Glen slumps to the ground. He sniffs, feeling the oily sheen on the water. Greta points at the lift dangling overhead -

GRETA  
Up there.

Henry takes a breath. He kneels, pulling Glen to his feet.

Greta takes Glen's hand, steadying him as he plants a foot on Henry's shoulder.

Henry rises, pushing Glen up. Glen reaches for the lift...

And misses. Falling back into the water.

HENRY  
Come on, man.

Glen winces.

GLEN  
Greta. You go first.

Greta plants her foot on Henry's shoulders. She steadies herself, and jumps for the lift - barely catching it.

The lift's support line strains overhead. A mechanical groan resonates through the pit.

GRETA  
Hurry up.

Henry lifts Glen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY  
 Alright. Come on, big guy.

Glen clambers atop Henry's shoulder. Balances... and falls.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Help me out here.

GLEN  
 I can't.

HENRY  
 You have to

GRETA  
 Come on!

Greta extends a hand. Glen tries to stand, looks up at her... and falls back into the water.

GLEN  
 Sorry, guys.

A sharp crack echoes through the corridor.

HENRY  
 On your feet.

GRETA  
 You can do it.

Henry lifts Glen onto his shoulders, and pushes him upward into Greta's arms. She pulls him up the swing. Glen begins to climb the support line.

Henry plants a foot in the wall, and jumps, barely reaching Greta's arms. She pulls him up, and he begins to climb.

The lift groans, ready to give.

GRETA (cont'd)  
 Pull us up!

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

Tess throws the switch. The machine whines. Gears churn.

**INT. PIT**

The lift ascends through the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Glen clings to the support line.

Below, the horde's shrieking grows louder.

Glen puts one hand ahead of the other, fighting to muster the strength to hang on. But he's losing the fight.

The lift shakes. Gears turn. Dust rains as the lift struggles to pull them from the pit.

GRETA

Keep going! You can do it!

Cacophonous screams ring up from below as they climb.

HENRY

Just a little farther!

Henry turns, finding himself face to face with -

A Creep has scaled the side of the pit. It swipes at Henry. Henry ducks just in the nick of time. The Creep misses, and tumbles into the pit.

HENRY (cont'd)

They're following us!

Another Creep slithers up the wall past Henry.

The lift jerks to a stop.

GLEN

We're too heavy.

GRETA

Just keep moving!

A Creep dives for Greta. Barely misses. It falls, disappearing into the dark pit below.

GLEN

I can't.

On all sides, the walls of the pit teem with Creeps. Grasping. Diving. Shrieking.

Glen digs in his pocket. He finds his Zippo. Flicks it open.

GRETA

Keep climbing.

Glen sparks the Zippo. A tiny flame dances. Glen lets go of the support line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETA (cont'd)

Glen. Don't.

Glen falls from the lift. Past Greta. Past Henry.  
Disappearing into the pit below.

GRETA (cont'd)

NO!

Its burden lightened, the lift whines. Resumes its ascent  
to...

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

The top of the pit. James pulls Greta to safety.

TESS

Where's Glen?

As Tess pulls Henry from the lift, a Creep seizes Henry's  
leg. Henry screams.

**INT. PIT**

Down below - Glen's Zippo falls through the dark, landing  
with a rattle against the glistening gravel.

Its flame licks the oily water.

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE**

The Creep yanks Henry's leg, dragging him back. Inch by  
inch, toward the pit. Tess pulls Henry's arms, refusing to  
let him go. Greta futilely kicks the Creep's eyeless face.  
Tess's grip weakens. Henry cries out.

Overhead, the lift screams one last time. Wires snap. Bolts  
pop as the lift breaks from its foundation, and crumbles.

The lift plummets, its support line snagging the Creep's  
head, dragging it screaming into the pit.

Tess pulls Henry from the pit. They sprawl onto the floor.

The room goes silent. The seams in the floor glow red. A  
light illuminates below, rising, growing, finally -

Erupting into a fiery blaze. The pit spits fire.

Tess piles on top of James, Henry, and Greta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flames consume the pit and everything in it - twisting the horde's screams into a cacophonous death rattle.

Finally, the wailing gives way to silence. Calm.

Henry's eyes wander from the towering inferno, to Tess, sprawled out over him. She catches him. Henry looks away.

Greta goes to the pit. She looks inside. No sign of the Creeps. No sign of Glen.

Greta fights back tears, refusing to break down.

HENRY

He's gone.

GRETA

He could've made it.

Henry puts a hand on her shoulder. Shakes his head.

HENRY

There was nothing we could do.

Greta thinks. Looks up to Henry, and nods. He holds her.

Something catches her eye...

From the fiery pit, ALPHA'S seared hand rises. Blackened claws grip the well of the pit as it pulls itself out. Clumps of flesh fall from its frame like burning leaves.

James' eyes go wide.

JAMES

(petrified)

You gotta be kidding.

Tess pulls the group forward.

TESS

MOVE IT!

**INT. ANCIENT CORRIDOR**

Walls bend. Rafters snap. Debris rains as Tess leads James, Henry, and Greta through the crumbling corridor.

TESS

Through there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The steel shutter pops in its frame. Tess throws James through. Greta follows. Henry stops -

HENRY

After you.

Tess shoves him through.

**INT. LADDER ROOM**

Chunks of ceiling fall past the group as they ascend the ladder. James puts one shaking hand in front of the other. Greta calls out from under him.

GRETA

You can do it.

A bolt POPS from the ladder. It falls past Greta. Past Henry. Past Tess. Bouncing off of ALPHA'S FACE, climbing through the dark after them.

GRETA (cont'd)

Faster!

James reaches the top of the ladder. Pulls himself onto the platform. He helps Greta from the ladder. They turn to help Henry. Finally, as Tess pulls herself up -

A clawed hand SEIZES her ankle. YANKS her back. She screams. Henry and James run to her. Greta backs against the wall.

Alpha PULLS Tess. Henry and James pull back. A game of tug o' war. And they're losing. James looks over his shoulder -

JAMES

GRETA! HELP!

But she's gone. James turns back, finding -

Greta. Arms raised over her head. Clutching the severed HANDRAIL - a makeshift spear. Alpha's eyes dart upward, just in time to see it COME DOWN. PIERCING its hand. Alpha thrashes, snapping the LADDER from its platform.

Henry pulls Tess onto the platform. The ladder breaks off, plunging into the darkness below. Taking Alpha with it.

TESS

I'll thank you later.

JAMES

Is it dead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Who cares!

Greta's eyes linger where Alpha fell.

HENRY (cont'd)

This whole place is coming down!

Greta nods. Together they run into -

**INT. CORRIDOR**

Greta leads the group through the destroyed corridor,  
finally coming to -

A MOUNTAIN OF DEBRIS blocking their path. Chunks of concrete  
and twisted chain link stretch higher than the eye can see.

JAMES

End of the line.

TESS

There's another way. There has to be.

Henry spins, searching for a way out. They're cornered.

Greta sizes up the seemingly endless mountain in their path.

GRETA

Through here.

She plants a foot on the rubble.

JAMES

What are you doing?

Greta balances, pushing herself up into -

A beam of moonlight cutting through the darkness above.

GRETA

Follow me.

The group follows her. Climbing up, and into -

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

The moon shines gently through the trees.

Greta pulls herself from the concrete pit, sprawling onto  
the grass. She rolls onto her back - looking up at the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James follows. Tess piles on top of him. Henry crawls out and joins his sister.

HENRY

Thank you.

She smiles, exhausted, and shakes her head.

GRETA

Shut up.

Her stoic resolve melts away. She buries her face into Henry's shoulder.

Henry smiles at his sister. He holds her as she finally lets it all out. Greta wipes the tears from her eyes.

HENRY

How do you feel?

She pulls away from Henry and smiles.

Tess sits down next to Henry, readjusting her baseball cap.

TESS

We're going to have some serious explaining to do.

HENRY

No one's going to believe us.

Henry and Tess lock eyes as a wisp of hair falls loose from her cap. Tess smiles. Henry braces, musters the courage and leans in for a kiss...

James jumps in between them, holding a photo in their faces.

JAMES

I've got all the proof we need right here.

Tess takes the photo and holds it in the moonlight.

TESS

What is it?

JAMES

I didn't have much light to work with.

James takes the photograph and collapses in the grass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Henry looks at his feet, mortified. Tess kisses him quickly on the cheek, pulling away before their siblings notice. He smiles. A SHOUT startles them -

BEN  
(O.S.)  
GRETA! HENRY!

Several flashlights shine on the kids.

Greta turns. Ben scoops her into his arms. Behind him, a flock of adults convene, a search party armed with flashlights and rifles.

BEN (cont'd)  
Thank God you're okay.

JULIA  
(O.S.)  
TESSIE!

TESS  
Mom!

RICH  
(O.S.)  
JAMES!

JAMES  
Dad!

Julia and Rich embrace their children.

JULIA  
I was worried sick. I thought I'd lost you both.

JAMES  
We're fine, mom.

Ben holds his children close.

BEN  
You promised you wouldn't leave the house.

HENRY  
Sorry, dad.

Smoke billows from the dark crater.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Watch out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The freshly sprung hole widens. The structure beneath their feet crumbles. Everyone jumps back as the crater spews one last plume of smoke before collapsing in on itself.

RICH  
What the Hell's down there?

James hands him the photograph. Rich studies it. Julia leans over his shoulder.

JULIA  
What kind of animal is that?

JAMES  
I didn't have much light to work with.

TESS  
We'll explain at home.

Together, the group makes their way back home.

Behind them, dirt fills in the crater. The woods go quiet.

The crater pulses...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

The front door opens. Warm sunlight floods the house. Ben leads Henry to the sofa. Greta enters after them.

Ben moves to the kitchen. Digs through the freezer -

BEN  
Ice pack must be downstairs.

GRETA  
I got it.

Ben smiles, offering her a flashlight.

BEN  
You sure?

She takes it.

GRETA  
You should make coffee. Got a long story ahead of you.

Greta stuffs a box of matches in her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

What are those for?

GRETA

I don't trust flashlights.

**INT. CELLAR - MORNING**

Wooden steps creak underfoot as Greta descends.

She touches down on the dusty, earthen floor.

Greta lifts her flashlight, illuminating -

Antique shelves. Unpacked boxes. The bare light-bulb hanging overhead... shattered.

She treks silently through the dark, finally coming to

THE FREEZER hangs open. Dripping. She digs inside, finds the ICE PACK. Melted. She sighs. Turns to leave -

Something cracks underfoot. She looks down. Broken glass and yellowed paper litter the floor. Greta lifts the flashlight, finding -

The window shattered.

Under it, a primitive, territorial marking has been crudely etched in the cellar wall.

Greta goes pale.

A white, distended arm rises behind her. She feels it closing in, draws a silent breath, and -

Slides out of its reach, disappearing behind the freezer.

ALPHA turns, running its claws up the edge of the freezer. Greta pushes her back against it, planting her feet on the adjacent stone wall.

Its fingers creep up the door...

Greta closes her eyes. Alpha's seared, bleeding hand inches closer. A cracked claw grazes her arm.

She PUSHES, sending the freezer CRASHING down -

On top of Alpha. The monster shrieks under the weight of the freezer. Greta scrambles to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She winds silently through antique shelves. Alpha's enraged screams growing louder behind her. She finally comes to -

THE IRON FURNACE

She ducks behind it just as -

ALPHA lumbers forward. Hot on her trail. Listening.

Alpha steps forward. Arms raised. Ready to pounce.

Greta hides behind the furnace, holding her breath.

BEN

(O.S.)

You find the ice pack?

Alpha's ears perk. It turns toward the voice.

Greta goes pale. She thinks fast. Rounds the furnace, and grabs the wrought iron grate...

She THROWS it open with a resounding CREAK.

Alpha lunges toward her, seizing the furnace grate. It reaches inside... Long fingers groping...

Greta rises silently behind it. Raises her arms. Steps forward, and SHOVES Alpha headfirst into the furnace.

The grate slams shut. Trapping the shrieking monster inside. Greta pulls the BOX OF MATCHES from her coat. Fumbles it. Matches roll across the floor.

Alpha wails, pounding against the grate. Bolts pop. Iron cracks. Greta fishes through the dirt with her heel - searching for a match. Just out of reach.

Greta jumps from the grate for a split second. Grabs a match. Falls back against the grate. Strikes the match...

The match roars to life. She pushes it through the grate. Smoke billows. The furnace chokes.

A frenzied cry echoes from inside the furnace, as it flares to life - INCINERATING Alpha alive.

The grate goes still. A warm glow washes over the cellar.

Greta rises to her feet. Covered in soot. Victorious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEN (cont'd)

(O.S.)

Greta...

Greta looks to her side. Ben emerges from the dark. His face frozen in disbelief -

BEN (cont'd)

What the Hell was that?

Greta smiles. Tosses him the ice pack.

**EXT. SUBURB - MORNING**

Daylight shines on the sleeping suburb as we find -

THE RAMBLER. A sign protrudes from its lawn: "FOR SALE."

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Ben laces up his work boots.

HENRY

(O.S.)

But we just got here.

BEN

I called the moving company last night. They'll be here tomorrow.

Henry sits on the couch. Crosses his arms.

BEN (cont'd)

Do you realize what you two put me through?

HENRY

Dad.

BEN

You could have died.

HENRY

I'm sorry.

BEN

We've all been through a lot.

GRETA

And moving again isn't going to fix that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ben hangs his head. Greta hugs him. She gestures to Henry. He gets up, and joins them.

BEN  
We'll talk tonight, okay?

Greta hands him his Thermos.

BEN (cont'd)  
What would I do without you?

He opens the front door.

BEN (cont'd)  
In the meantime, don't run off  
getting lost with...

Reveal: Tess and James in the doorway. Ben forces a smile.

BEN (cont'd)  
(to Greta and Henry)  
Just stay out of trouble, please?

Henry and Greta nod. Ben exits. Tess enters, followed by James - a shiny new Polaroid camera bobbing from his neck.

TESS  
What's with the sign?

GRETA  
Another "fresh start."

TESS  
Already?

HENRY  
Dad's idea.

TESS  
(joking)  
What changed his mind?

JAMES  
You guys can't leave. There's still  
all kinds of stuff to find out there.

Greta stands.

GRETA  
Then we better make the most of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

You sure?

She smiles.

GRETA

Safety in numbers.

**EXT. SUBURB - MORNING**

Warm sunlight washes over the neighborhood.

Greta leads Henry, Tess, and James across the lawn. She stops. Grabs the "FOR SALE" sign...

HENRY

What are you doing?

Greta YANKS it free, and drops it onto the grass.

She takes Henry's hand and runs across the lawn. Tess and James follow. Together, they run into the trees.

**FADE OUT**